

Choice

Machine gunners in a lighted frame
as in a painting, and

Kraut captain sort of chortles
to the fated bunch:

*Run! If you reach the wall we'll execute you tomorrow.**

Like a frantic lottery then. If you won,
what to do with the twenty four hours?

If furious, turn up the internal jet even further.
If contemplative, think or pray more

meticulously in a golden encore of faith
If numbed, continue that way as you must.

Maybe a sweet odor wafts into your cell
and you hold it until the inevitable.

In most cases you're a worse wretch,
but some find waiting precious.

*freely quoted from *Army of Shadows*